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Clinging to Earth.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Oh! do not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
True, heaven is holier, all replete with light—
But I am frail, and with frail things wo'ld dwell.

I cannot die; the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter ones above—
Yet with these flowrs 'twould be too hard to part

I dream of heaven, and well I love these dreams;
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness; and on earth, oh, let me stay!

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world: its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm,

I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Heaven is a land of holiness and light—
Yet I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy, a Parody

BY J. L. WATSON.

To wed, or not to wed—that is the question;—
Whether 'twere better for a man to suffer
The hisses and fears of "single blessedness,"
Or to take courage in this awkward quandary,
And, by proposing, end it? To court—to vow—
Ay, more—and by a vow to say we end
The heart-aches, and the thousand palpitations
That heart is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To court—to vow—
To vow!—perchance get *kicked*:—ay, there's the rub!
For, in that vow of love, what kicks may come,
Ere we have shuffled off this single state,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes celibacy of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and thorns of doubt,
The oppressor's wrong, the old maid's contumely,
The pangs of untold love, the priest's delay,
The insolence of rivals, and the sneers,
That Bachelors' from woman kind must take,
When he himself his *quietus* might make
With a bare woman?—who would patience have
To vegetate, and pine in single life—
But that the dread of something after marriage—
That yet untried condition, from whose bonds
No victim can be freed—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the life we have,
Than risk another that we know not of?
Thus Cupid can't make husbands of us all;
And thus the native hue of matrimony
Is darkened o'er with a thick cloud of doubt;
And at the dreadful thought of *pop the question*,
From their first track our feelings turn aside,
And lose the name of Love. *Weekly Paper.*

From Godey's Reprint of Blackwood's Magazine

A Tale of Truth.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR THE LADY OF ELMWOOD.

The evening shadows were stealing on, at the close of a cold, bright winter's day. Stretched on a bed of sickness, pale, wasted, silent, lay the lady of Elmwood. The curtain of purple velvet, dark and gloomy in the fading light, hung heavily around her, and through an opening at the foot of the bed a gleam of red light from the blazing fire now and then fell on her face, but did not rouse her from the deep tho't in which she seemed plunged. There was beauty even yet in her large, dark eyes and delicately formed features; but her cheek was hollow, and the tightly closed lips look as if no smile of joy had ever parted them.

A hired nurse, the only watcher by that sick-bed, was dozing in an armed chair before the fire, rousing herself now and then to glance at the lady, who was totally regardless of her presence. The old woman began to feel chilly as the evening closed in, and she was rising to draw the curtain before the window, when the clear, gay laughter of a child rang on the frosty air, floating up from the garden below. A look of misery passed across the lady's face, and she sighed heavily.

"Did you speak, my lady?" asked the nurse, moving to the bed-side.

"No, nurse," answered a sweet, yet feeble voice; "I want nothing—nothing that you can give me," she murmured, as the old waman turned away. "Oh, for a loving voice to cheer me in this dark hour!"

Again she lay, silent and thoughtful as before; but after a time, she called the nurse, and as if by a strong effect. said, "Go to him—to my husband—and tell him I am very ill. Say that, for the love of Heaven, I entreat him to come to me!"

She half raised her head from the pillow to listen to the old woman's slow footsteps, till the sound died away in the long and distant corridors. The slamming of a door gave her notice when the nurse had reached her destination and she clasped her thin hands in an agony of impatience, as it seemed, to know the result of her mission.

"Surely, surely he will come now," she said; "he does not love me; he has taught my child to scoff at me; and yet, now, surely he will feel something for me!"

The door was heard again, the nurse tottered back, and stood once more beside her charge.

"My lord bids me say he is engaged now, but will come by-and-by."

The lady's head fell back on the pillow, and the color that had risen to her cheek for a moment faded away. The nurse had been used to looking on scenes and suffering and sorrow, and perhaps age, too, had blunted her feelings, for she re-established herself in her comfortable chair and sank into a doze. The lady's voice once more roused her.

"Go to him again, nurse; say that I am dying—you see I am; tell him I entreat him to send for Mr. Patterson to pray for my departing soul. Beg him earnestly to grant me this, only this!"

Again the messenger departed, and again the lady listened anxiously for return, yet with less hope in her sorrowful eyes than before. Her heart sank evidently when she heard the nurse returning immediately.

"My lord says," said the old woman, "it is only your fancy that is sick."

"And did you tell him, nurse, that you knew I was dying!" interrupted her listener.

"Yes, my lady; but he said, of course I should swear to anything you bid me say."

"And Mr. Patterson?" inquired the lady.—"May I send for him!"

"My lord said 'No, he would have no canting priests here.'"

The old woman hobbled back to her seat, and the lady, covering her face sobbed aloud.

"Cruel, even to the last!" she said, at length. "This life, that some call so happy, how dreary has it been to me! Long, miserable years, ending in a death like this!" And words of long-suppressed anguish, thoughts that had burdened the heart with a weight of misery for years burst from her dying lips.

"Poor lady!" muttered the nurse; "her mind wanders. I've heard strange stories about her. To be sure, there was something wrong, or my lord would never have kept her mewed up so close; and I dare say the thought of it troubles her now."

"To be sure, there was something wrong!" The words had been in many mouths, till it came to be believed that some dark secret, some hidden error, was the cause of the seclusion in which she was kept by her husband. The sadness of her countenance was held to be occasioned by remorse, and the tears that were sometimes seen to fall, as she knelt in prayer in the house of God, were looked upon as tears of penitence. The patience and meekness with which she bore the impertinence of some who hinted, even in her presence, at the suspicions they entertained, only confirmed them in their belief that in some way she had erred grievously.—"And, then, my lord," they said, "is so easy and good-humored anybody might be happy with him." So by degrees a belief had gained ground that all was not as it should be with the beautiful lady of Elmwood; and some dared to speak scornfully of her, even those who were unworthy to wipe the dust from her feet.

For the suspicions that had gone abroad, the undefined mysterious whispers against her were unjust as they were cruel. There was nothing of scheme, though God knows, there was enough of bitter sorrow in her blushes and her tears.—Her spirit was too utterly broken by daily and hourly trials, of which the coarse world knew nothing, to resent insult or reply to impertinence None knew—how should they know?—how a course of petty oppression, beginning in her earliest years, had conquered all cheerfulness and crushed all hope; and, during her married life, to none but to her God did she breathe a word of the troubles which subdued her, and to which she submitted without a struggle.—The little world about Elmwood had only seen her brought—in triumph, as it seemed—as a bride to her husband's ancestral home. They had seen, at first, a gay succession of guests at the old hall, and the young bride presiding at brilliant entertainments. But the number of guests fell off by degrees, ladies ceased to be among the few remaining visitors, and, when an occasional party met at Elmwood the lady was no longer seen among them. Her husband thought it necessary, at first, to excuse her absence on the plea of ill health; but it was soon understood that there were other reasons (although none knew what such reasons were) why she appeared no more, and her name was never mentioned.

She was sometimes seen by persons who visited Elmwood on business, wandering alone in the woods near the house, like a pale yet beautiful spirit, or tending the flowers in a small garden sheltered by the far-stretching walls in the old hall. Some, who had purposely thrown themselves in her way said that she replied gently to their greeting, but always in a tone of sadness. On Sunday she never failed, unless when detained at home by severe illness, to walk to the church in the neighboring village. It was built upon the edge of her husband's park, and a little path led to it from the great house, through old dark woods, and by a little stream that stole away at last, singing as it went, into the fields below the churchyard.—The whole village was part of the Elmwood property, and the church contained many monuments to the memory of its possessors. The family pew had still its velvet cushions and draperies, faded they were, and here the lady knelt alone Sunday after Sunday. Rain and cold, frost and snow, all seemed alike to her.—The good rector, who soon learned to take an interest in her pale and melancholy face, never failed to glance at that humble worshiper, so constant in her attendance. Sometimes he saw that she was weeping, and his kind heart longed to breathe comfort to her evidently wounded spirit. His attempts to make her acquaintance at her own house had all proved vain. Her husband, whose manner to the good old priest was full of scarcely suppressed contempt, always replied to his enquiries about the lady by saying she received no visitors. To speak to her on her way to or from the church was his only chance of proving to her how much he felt interested in her welfare. She always waited till all others had left the church, and then stole quietly across the graveyard and through the little gate into the park. One wet and stormy Sunday, when the congregation was very scanty, the clergyman, Mr. Patterson, to his surprise, saw the delicate form of the lady of Elmwood kneeling in her usual place, her meek head bowed in prayer. When the service was over, he went to her, and offered to assist her in getting home. She took his arm in silence, and, feeling that she was trembling with cold, he led her towards the rectory, whither his wife and daughter had proceeded him. He looked compassionately upon her as he endeavored to shield her from the beating rain; for she appeared so feeble that without his help she must have fallen.

"This is trying weather for one who seems so delicate and weak as you," he said gently. "Surely you should not venture to leave home on a day like this."

"I come here for consolation," she answered sadly; "you know not how much I need it."

"But God is in every place, dear lady; from your secret chamber He hears your prayer arise; and surely it is not well to risk your life thus."

"*My* life!" she exclaimed, in a tone of grief that brought tears into the old man's eyes; "*my* life! Why should I nurse and cherish it, as if it were a precious thing? Who would miss me if I were gone? Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" she added, after a short silence; "I know these are wild and sinful words, forget that I have spoken them; think of me only as of one sorely tried, to whom your ministrations have given more comfort than aught else on earth. Good and kind I know you are. Let my name be sometimes on your lips when you pray to your God; we are told the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Will you do this?" she said earnestly, raising her eyes to his face.

"As I hope for peace, I will," answered he with much emotion.

"And when you hear that I am dead, do not grieve for me, but thank God that a wounded spirit has found peace."

"Do not speak so sadly, dear lady," said the rector. "You must be familliar with God's Word; you have read there that he who made wounds, even He 'healeth the broken in heart.'"

"Yes, I feel it," she replied. "He indeed healeth them: but it is by taking them to himself. I looked around me here," she continued pointing to the graves by which they were surrounded, "and have envied those who have gone before me to that home where the weary are at rest."

Some few words of comfort the good rector spoke, as he approached his own house, and opened the glass door that led into the little study where his daughter awaited him. The lady hesitated, and seemed half fearful of entering; but he led her in, and seated her beside the fire, while his daughter divested her of of some of her damp garments: and insisted on wrapping her in her own cloak.

There was something so humble in the lady's gratitude, something so sorrowful even in her extreme beauty—uncared for and neglected as she seemed—that the kind-hearted family at the rectory could not but feel a touching interest in her; and when at length her carriage, for which a messenger had been despatched, arrived to convey her home, many kind words were spoken; and none could have supposed that till that day, the lady had been a stranger.

The next Sunday was fine and bright, but the lady was not in her usual place. She was seen no more even in her garden; and the rector, who made several vain attempts to be admitted to her presence, heard that she was very ill. He doubted not, remembering her weakness and her wan looks, that the hour for which she longed was approaching, and gladly would he have endeavored, as the minister of God, to smoothe the way before her to the grave. We have seen that she, too, wished for the comfort of his presence, but even this was denied to her. Young, (for she was only in her twenty-sixth year,) innocent, beautiful, yet broken-hearted, she was left to meet her death alone.

* * * * *

It is time that we say something of the cause of that grief which oppressed the lady of Elmwood, and while the ignorant and unkind attributed to some error of her past life. For this purpose, it is necessary to turn to the history of her early years. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father, a man of extravagant habits, married a second time within a year of his first wife's death. His marriage with a wealthy heiress freed him for a while from pecuniary embarrassments, but destroyed forever the peace of his home. His bride was haughty, vain, and ill-tempered; and the indifference he had felt for her at first quickly deepened into positive dislike. For a time he seemed to find in the caresses of his child a consolation for the disagreabies of his domestic life; but his weak mind soon thirsted for excitement and he found it at the gaming-table. By degrees a passion for play absorbed every other feelng. The birth of an heir though it appeared to give him pleasure, did not long keep him from his darling pursuit; and, as years passed, he saw less and less of his family, and appeared to become totally indifferent as to their welfare. Thus his daughter was left a victim to the caprice and ill-humor of her vain and frivolous step-mother. Few were the remembrances of her childhood, which she, even in the deeper trials of her after-life, could recall with anything of pleasure. The spoiled and petted son of her step-mother, imitating the small tyranny of his parent, on every occasion, asserted his superiority over the gentle girl, whose spirit was already learning its lesson of humility and submission. When she had grown to womanhood, her extraordinary beauty, though it did not increase the good will of her step-mother, yet was looked upon by her father with something of selfish pride, and he already calculated the advantages which might accrue to himself from her making what is termed a good match.

It was while these thoughts were maturing into plans for the accomplishment of his object that he made acquaintance with the lordly owner of Elmnwood—a man in the prime of life, yet, like himself, an habitual gambler. In their frequent meetings, these two men became inmate, and frequently played together—up to a certain time,—with about as equal success. At length the young gambler began to lose; one by one he pledged all his possessions, and in the end rose from the table a ruined man. He might raise the money to pay his debts, but only by injuring his property past the hope of recovery. His companion observed the struggle in his mind; he balanced the advantages and disadvantages of insisting on the payment of the debt; for while he wanted money, yet he did not wish for the publicity which the present affair, if preserved in, must give to the nature of his resources.

"Come!" he said after some reflection, "I know it would inconvenient to you to pay a sum like this. Let us compromise the matter. I have a daughter, beautiful as an angel; marry her and I will take your doing so as three-quarters payment of your debt.

"You must be very fond of your daughter," said his auditor sarcastically, "very fond indebd Does she at all resemble yourself!"

"I have told you she is beautiful," was the reply. "You may even see her, if you will, before you decide."

The young man remained for a while in a state of moody abstraction and then exclaimed, "No, no! I don't want to see her. I'll marry her if she is as ugly as Sin. There's my hand upon it!"

They sat down again called for writing materials, and wrote,—the one a promise of marriage to a woman he had never seen; the other a discharge of three-fourths of the debt due on condition of the fulfilment of the pledge agreed upon. The two papers were duly signed and the parties separated. And thus the father bartered away his child—thus the lord of Elmwood obtained his bride! She was told to prepare to receive her future husband, and she obeyed; for she knew resistance would be in vain. Her father had become so entirely estranged from her, that she dared say nothing in opposition to his commands; and her step-mother showed too openly the joy she felt in the prospect of being rid of one, whose very patience was a tacit reproach to her conscience for the poor girl to entertain a hope that she would intercede for her.

The future husband came, and was not slow to perceive the repugnance of his betrothed.—His pride and self-love were interested at once; and he devoted his attentions to the hitherto neglected girl, filling her ear with the sweet voice of praise and seeming love, till he won not only her gratitude but her affection. In a few weeks she became his bride, and went with him to his stately home, where for a while, she deemed herself happier than she had ever been before. But he soon slackened in his attentions and sometimes betrayed the bitterness and violence of his temper even to her. One day, when he had spoken to her with cruel, and as she felt undeserved harshness, the feelings that had for some time been gathering strength in her heart found utterance, and she passionately entreated to know what she had done to forfeit his love.

"My love!" he said cotemptuously, "did you never hear why I married you?"

"I thought—you loved me," she answered in a low, timid voice.

"You thought—you hoped! Did your father never tell you of our bargain! I gave you my hand in payment of a gambling debt to your excellent and respected father. Mighty innocent you are, no doubt, and never knew that you were forced upon me; now your every look reminds me of the most hateful hours of my life There,—dry your eyes. Your reverend parent has, no doubt made you a capital actress; but we need not pretend to misunderstand each other. We have each won our reward in this blest union; you are mistress of Elmwood, and I am saved from ruin, which would be bad enough, and exposure which would be worse."

"My father!" stammered the lady.

"Yes. No doubt his conduct proceeded from the purest affection for yourself. He had, of course, every reason to believe I should make an excellent husband. There was nothing of self-interest in what he did—nor desire to make use of my house and fortune, or to make a tool of myself. It matters not," he added with increased bitterness, "I have made myself a promise that he shall never cross my threshold, and I never broke my word yet, as you know," bowing to her with mock civility.

He left the room, and his bewildered hearer remained long standing in the same attitude, utterly confounded by the words he had spoken. "Was it true! Had he, indeed, said he did not love her! Was every hope gone from her forever? Was her very presence hateful to him? Oh, that she had died in the blessed belief that he loved her? Where could she turn for help for advice? Her dream of happiness was past; nothing could restore it." Such were the thoughts that passed across her mind again and again; and, in truth, it was a hard thing for a heart so young and so loving, to feel itself desolate and forsaken. After a time, the hope of winning his affection rose within her, and long and patiently she strove to realise it; but alas, in vain! Months passed on, and the hour drew near in which she expected to become a mother. When a son was born to her, once more her hope revived.

"Surely," she thought, 'for the sake of his child he will love me.' But again she was disappointed. He had returned to his old friends and to his old amusements; and the felt at last however unwillingly, that she could never fill a place in his heart.

Eight years elasped between the time of her marriage and the scene with which our tale opened. All that she had endured in that interval, none may know. Her eldest boy, as soon as he was able to talk became his father's plaything, and quickly learned to laugh at his mother's authority. A second son, who was still dearer to her than the first, because she was still more happy at the time of his birth, lived only a few months; and she wept alone besides his grave. Her youngest darling, a bright rosy girl, with dimpled smile, and eyes full of gladness, with little more than a year old at the time the lady of Elmnwood lay on her death-bed.

We return to that death bed, where wa left the dying sufferer breathing aloud the sorrows that had weighed down her spirit for years.—Exhausted at length, she had once more sunk into silence, when a light knock was heard at the door, and, in a few moments, the nurse admitted a woman carrying a lovely infant. The lady clasped the child in her arms, kissed again and again its cheeks and lips, and almost smiled when she felt the touch of its cool hand on her brow. "You must leave her with me to-night, Alice," she said turning to the young woman who had carried the child. 'I will undress her. Nurse, help me to get up."

It was in vain that the old nurse remonstrated, the lady persisted; and supported by pillows she sat up in her bed, and tenderly loosened the baby's clothes, and wrapped it in its little night dress. She even played with it as of old, and smiled to hear its merry laughter, She dismissed Alice, but recalling her as she was leaving the room, said, earnestly,—"Alice, you love this child; she will soon be motherless, there will be none to care for her. Oh, be faithful to your charge! Cherish her, do not desert her; and may the blessing of her dytng mother be with you to your last hour!"

The young woman left the room in tears, the nurse sighed as sha turned away; and the lady lay down with her beautiful baby on her bosom. Her heart was full of prayer though her voice was hushed lest she should disturb the slumber that was stealing over the child. Its calm, regular breathing was music to hear; the smile that broke, like gleams of sunshine, on its sleeping face soothed her and stole into her thoughts

Full of faith and hope, she commenced that precious one to the care of her Saviour; and when some sttruggling wish would arise, that she might have lived to protect and cherish it still she could say in sincerity, "In Him is my trust."

Long past midnight, the old nurse was awakened from a deep sleep by a hasty step advancing across the apartment. It was the lord of Elmwood, who thus tardily—his evening's amusement being concluded—his wife summons.

"I am here, Eleanor," he said, withdrawing the curtain; "why did you send for me? "why did you send for?" No voice replied; and he moved the lamp so as to throw its light on the bed.—The sight that met his eves touched even him. There lay his wife *dead*; and on her bosom, its rosy cheek touching her cold lips, its round arm thrown about her neck, lay her infant in its calm, happy sleep. He bent over them—he gazed upon that faded form, now awful in its stilness, and on that joyful infant so full of life and happiness. He remembered, as he looked on the dead, her patience, her humility, her unfailing submission to his capricious will; he remembered to what a life of solitude he had condemned her, and then he thought of her as she was when he first saw her, and when those eyes looked lovingly upon him. Only a few hours ago, she was even as his slave, trembling at his word, obedient to his will. Now, perhaps she was pleading her cause against him before the throne of God. Oh, if he had but come earlier! if he could only have heard one word of forgiveness from those lips which, in their silence, seemed yet to whisper that he had been a murderer!

He turned away. "Take the child," he said hoarsely; "take it away from her—she is dead." H left the room. The nurse followed, and put a paper into his hand.

"My lady bade me give you this, after she should be gone," shesaid.

He thrust it into his bosom, and hurried into his study, where, having carefully closed the door, he again drew it forth and began to read. It was a short letter, dated but two days back.

"Something I must say to you,"—"something I must say of all the thoughts that now, in my last hours, crowd upon my brain. I have no friend to sit beside my death bed and listen to my last words: no friend to go with me to the thresnold of the grave, and upholds me when my faith falters.

"Alone, and uncared for, I wait for death; sometimes full of fear, sometimes eagerly longing for its coming. For years I have had no friend but my God; He alone has heard the voice of my sorrows, and He alone with me now

"Do not fear a word of reproach from me.—My short life has been a sad one; but it is to you I owe the only dream of gladness that has cheered it. For those few months, during which I believed I was dear to you, I was perfectly happy. I know my belief was vain; but I do not blame you. Our love is not our own to give and take back as we will.

"It is strange, that though years have passed since I was undeceived—years in which you have repulsed all my efforts to win your confidence, and to be to you even but a companion, when others failed you,—yet, now, all that long interval of grief is forgotton, and every kind word you spoke in that happier time seems sounding in my ear once more.

"But why do I say this you? Those kind words came not from your heart; and I am nothing to you now. I can appeal to you only as a dying woman, and pray you, by Heaven's mercy, to attend to my last wish. My baby, my fair, happy baby! oh, look with pity upon her when she is motherless! Do not let her grow up among those who will not love her. It is a dreadful thing to live on year by year with a heart full of love, and yet to have that love despised and rejected. If I might dare ask of you compliance with my last wish, I would say let her be placed with Mrs. Patterson; I am sure she will be happy in that home of peace.

"Farewell. I linger over these last words. Would that I might lay my head on your bosom, and breathe away my life, dreaming once more that you love me! My presence has been a burden to you. Even now you will not come to me. It is almost over.

"Once more I commend to you my child.—You surely will love *her*. There is nothing in her sunny face to remind you of me. I am weary, and can write no more: perhaps, even now, I have said too much; but my poor heart was full, and I had none to comfort me. May God bless you."

The letter fell from his hand, and he wept like a child. A change had come over his feelings towards his wife, but it was *too late*.

Some days after the lady had been laid in her grave, a group of villagers gathered round the old nurse, questioning her as to all that had happened at Elmwood.

"You see he must have been very fond of her, after all," said one. "He has asked Mrs. Patterson to take the baby, as my lady wished; and did you see how he cried at the funeral!"

"Bah! don't talk to me of such love," said the old nurse, impatiently. "If he'd shown but a quarter of the kindness towards her a year ago, that he's shown since she was dead and could feel it no longer, she'd have been a happy living woman this day. Heaven preserve us from all love like this!"

How to rule a Husband.

The following is the story of Tom Snooks, from the Barre Gazette:

"I never undertook but once," said Tom, "to set at aught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. After we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it you know, but then she—why it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and slipping away from the table she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I could'nt help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly enough and churned till the butter come. She did'nt thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know of course. Well, by and by, this began to be rather irksome. I wanted she should just *ask* me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it to save my life so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time, unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when by breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard a few minutes to give her a chance to call me, but never a word said she, and so, with a palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, up town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner I would as soon have my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it?—she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it! Not a word was said; I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me—She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair I marched to the churn and went at it, justin the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, splash, drip, rattle, I kept it up.—As in spite, the butter was never so long coming I supposed the cream standing so long, had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was a churning. I paused at last from real exhaustation, when she spoke for the first time: 'Come Tom, my dear, you have rattled that *butter milk* quite long enough, if it's only for fun you are doing it!' I knew how it was, in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the butter milk in, for me to exercise with. I never sat up for myself in household matters after that."

The Grave of Byron.

The Knickerbocker for July contains the following from the pen of the author of the "Visit to the Grave of Gray in his Country Church Yard."

"Eight miles distant is Hucknall, or, as it is more commonly and truly called, *'dirty* Hucknall;' a collection of huts wretched in appearance; and the country around rough and uncultivated. A small church crowns the summit of a little hill, with no trees or hedges to relieve the barrenness of the spot, as desolate to the heart, as any misanthrope could desire.—We were quickly followed to the church, the object of our visit, by a lad with the keys; and on entering, soon found that the interior corresponded with its outward seeming. It was rude cheerless and cold; and yet how many generations yet unborn will seek that church, will tread that aisle, and gaze upon the spot which contains the ashes of one who 'twined his hopes of being remembered in his line with his land's language!' A small white Grecian table, inserted in the wall immediately over the sepulcher, told us: "In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried lie the remains of GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, the author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. What stranger uninformed of the fact would have supposed that the remains of Byron were entombed in so obscure a sanctuary! I could not but feel, however, that it was well ordered in the fitness of things that they should repose there; that the place, church, vault and inscription were in good keeping with the character of him who boasted that he stood and should stand alone, 'remembered or forgot;' and he might have added too with great propriety, 'should sleep alone.' The fierce sun may beat upon that house and the cold winds of winter sigh through its casements; 'but after life's fitful fever he sleeps well;' as calmly, as quietly, as undisturbed in his dark and dreary chamber as the author of the 'Elegy' in his almost perennial daisy-blooming garden. I left, after some delay, but cast no longing, lingering look behind."

INTERESTING ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—It was announced in the papers, some time since that from certain phenomena of the planet Uranus (Herschel,) astronomers were led to suspect the existence of an undiscovered planet in the Solar System which it was agreed to call *Le Verrier's Planet*, from the French astronomer who had particularly investigated its nature. From a late number of the London Athenæum, received by the Caledonia at Yale College, we learn that what was before only *suspected*, has now been actually observed with the teloscope. This wonderful stranger was first seen by M. Galle, of Berlin, on the night of September 23d. Its apparent brightness was equal only to a star of the eight magnitude, its diameter being two or three seconds. It was seen at London, September 30th, when it was near the star 33 Aquarii, not far from the tail of Capricornus, Right Ascension 21h 52m 47. 15 sec. Declination 13 deg. 27m. 20 sec.

As your readers, Messrs. Editors, may not generally be aware how truly wonderful is the discovery of this body, the existence of which was faintly shadowed forth to us by mathematical analysis, guided by the law of universal gravitation, before it had ever been seen by mortal eyes, I will send you to-morrow, some account of the steps by which this singular discovery has been attained. O.

Yale College, Oct. 22, 1846.

[N. Haven Palladium.

ABBY FOLSOM DISSATISFIED WITH AN EASY VICTORY.—On Saturday, Mrs. Abigail Folsom appeared in the Justices' Court to answer to a writ of ejectment brought by Mr. Whitbridge, her landlord; but as he did not appear to assert his right to turn Abby out of doors, the Court ordered him to be defaulted, and gave judgment in Abby's favor. As this peaceable settlement of the case cut Abby off from her intended speech, she expressed great dissatisfaction, and insisted upon appealing. It was in vain that she was told she could not appeal, as the judgment was in her favor. Failing to carry her point in that court, she mounted up to the common Pleas Room, walked into the Chief Justice's crimson bound sanctum, called his attention to her by tapping him on the shoulder, stated her grievance to him, and insisted that he shol'd receive her appeal. The Chief Justice, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, ordered Officer G. Andrews to remove the lady from the Bench and the Court-Room. It was not without the use of some physical force that the officer ejected Abby, Boston Post.

Pennsylvania.

The following is an authentic list of the Congressmen chosen at the late election in Pennsylvania.

Dists,	Whigs.	Dists.	Dem.
2	J. R. Ingersoll,	3	Charles Brown,
5	Chas. Freedley,	4	C. J. Ingersoll,
6	J. W. Hornbeck,	9	Wm. Strong,
7	A. R. M'Ilvaine,	10	Rich'd Brodhead,
8	John Strohm,	12	David Wilmot,
11	Chester Butler,	19	Job Mann,
13	James Pollock,	23	J. Thompson—7
14	Ceo. N. Eckert,		
15	H. Nes,		
16	Jasper E. Brady,		
17	John Blanchard,		
18	Andrew Stewart,	1	Levin (Nat.)—1
20	John Dickey,		
21	M. G. Hampton,		
22	J. W. Farrely,		
24	Alex. Irwin—16,		

The Legislature of the State stands thus:

	Whigs.	Dem.	Native.
In the Senate,	18	14	1
In the House,	56	44	
	74	58	1

Whig majority on joint ballot, 17.

THE "CAMEL" AND THE "NEEDLE'S EYE."—Lord Nugent, in his recent publications, "Lands Classical and Sacred" has given an application of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the subject our Savior had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle:" in other words, the small side gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Savior's words; for, he adds, the sumpter camnel cannot pass through unless with great difficulty and stripped of his load, his trappings, and merchandise.

It is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.